

## Devotional and Selections

### MY HEART TO CHRIST.

You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ? I do not know,  
There came a longing in my soul so long ago,  
I found earth's flowers would fade and die,  
I wept for something that would satisfy  
And then, and then somehow I seemed to bear  
To lift my heart to Him in prayer:  
I do not know  
I can not tell you how,  
I only know he is my Saviour now.

You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ? I can not tell.  
The day or just the hour I do now remember well,  
It must have been when I was all alone  
The light of His forgiving spirit shone  
Into my heart, so crowded o'er with sin;  
I think, I think, 'twas when I let Him in;  
I do not know, I can not tell you when,  
I only knew He is so dear since then.

### SERVICEABLE SAINTHOOD.

By the Rev. Henry T. Scholl.

The life of faith is characteristically serviceable. Thus was it with Abraham, as is indicated by the following incidents: Chedorlaomer, and his allied kings, made a westward expedition, and possessed themselves of the people and property of the Dead Sea cities. Among those carried captive from Sodom were Lot, and his household. At no little personal peril, Abraham advanced against the invader at the head of his numerous servants, and some allied chieftains. At Dan, he made a spirited night attack upon the foe, put them to flight, and recovered the captives and the spoil. For his heroic and much appreciated service he refused to accept personal compensation.

Some years later, Abraham made himself laudably serviceable by his persistent intercession in behalf of Sodom. The wicked cities of the plain failed to come within the scope of his supplication; but when God destroyed them, "he remembered Abraham, and sent Lot out of the midst of the overthrow."

The life of faith is characteristically serviceable, because it is characteristically Christ-like; and he, as you know, "came not to be served, but to serve, and to give his life a ransom for many." The life of faith is a life of love; for only the "faith that worketh by love" merits the Master's commendation. Such faith puts us among the good Samaritan class, and to men and women of whole-hearted faith many a soul in sorrow looks hopefully for serviceable sympathy.

It is said that: "One morning, about twenty years ago, a lawyer on his way to his office stopped outside of a barber's shop door to get a shine. The little bootblack who plied his trade there was no stranger to him, although he knew him only by his street name. This morning the boy was unusually silent. The lawyer missed his bright remarks and began to rally him a little, when suddenly the boy looked up in his face and said:

"Mr. Bartlet, do you love God?" The lawyer was an upright, self-respecting man, but neither a church at-

tendant nor much given to religious thought, and he took the question at first as an attempt at a joke on the part of the boy; but he soon found that it was meant in all seriousness. No one had ever asked him the question before in the same way, and it staggered him.

"Why do you ask me that, Bat?" he said, after a rather awkward pause. "What difference does it make to you?" "Well, I'll tell you, sir. Me mother an' me's got to get out; for the place we live in 'll be tore down pretty soon, and a feller like me can't pay much rent. Mother does all she can, but you see there's three of us, an' me grandmother's lame. I dunno what to do. Yesterday I heard two men talking, an' one of 'em said God would help anybody that loved him if they'd tell him they was in a hole. I thought about it 'most all night, and this morning I made up my mind I'd lay for somebody that knew him well enough to ask him."

That bootblack cherished the correct conception that the man to look to for serviceable assistance is the man who is linked to God through a faith that worketh by love. Mr. Bartlet, unfortunately, was not then the man, but the right man was discovered eventually, and the help desired was seasonably secured. Today the sometime bootblack is living the life of faith. If his name were given "many would recognize him not only as a member of the bar in successful practice, but as a church member and a worker in the Sabbath school. He loves boys; and the few who knew that he was once a bootblack understand his interest in the little fellows who need a friend. Helping them, for him, loving God in a most effectual way."

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### LEAVING THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS.

He is a young man who, a few years ago, accepted the pastorate of a small, "struggling" church in a city of 50,000 inhabitants. A chief feature of the "struggle" was raising money for the support of the local church, and the plan of campaign—if there can be a campaign in a struggle—included perennial suppers and fairs. The pastor, having his convictions on the difference between running a restaurant and financing a church, and having eyes to see the difference between a struggle and a march, took the situation in hand.

Immediately after one of the restaurant transactions he procured from its leaders statements of the cost of supplies and the net profits of the affair. These he carefully filed away until the fair and festival season was over, when, one Sunday, he presented to his people the subject of church support. He showed them that the restaurant plan was an unmitigated failure—a business failure, a social failure and a spiritual failure, producing in evidence of his position the cold figures which he had collected several months previously and to which he had taken the precaution to attach the names of his authorities.

He then laid down the principles of Christian stewardship, expressing his confidence that conducting the church upon such principles would bring a certain and large blessing. Some time after this came a sermon on dedicating the first fruits of one's increase to God in proportion as he had blessed. Finally, when plans were to be made for the support of the church for an-